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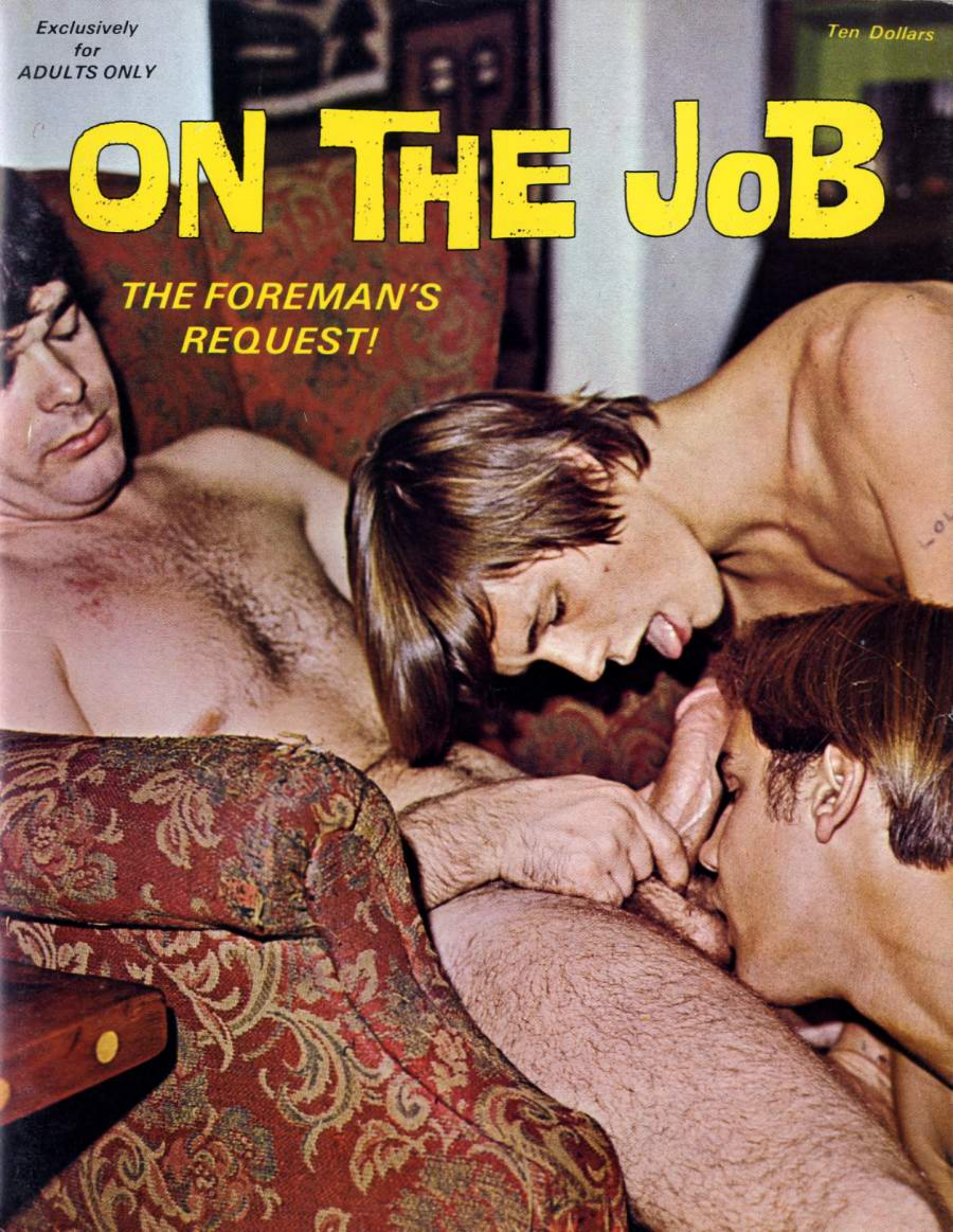
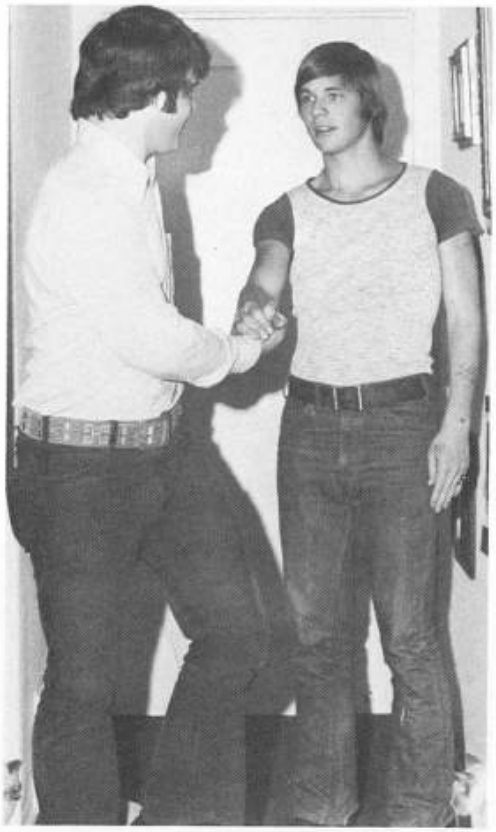
for
ADULTS ONLY

Ten Dollars

ON THE JOB

THE FOREMAN'S REQUEST!





Shit! Just two weeks on the job and I get called on the carpet for fucking up. I had to report to the foreman's house last night. If he was gonna fire me he woulda done it on the spot, so I figured I was in for a bawling out.

I was prepared to eat crow, because it was a good job, easy work, and with some wild fringe benefits.

A kid from the office would come into the stockroom and hand me an order. I filled it, and piled the stuff on the packing desk, and waited for the next order. That's all there is to it.

When this kid, Tom, handed me the first few orders, he followed me around to be sure I got them right. After quite a few, he was still following me. I told him I wouldn't have any more trouble finding things. He said he wasn't

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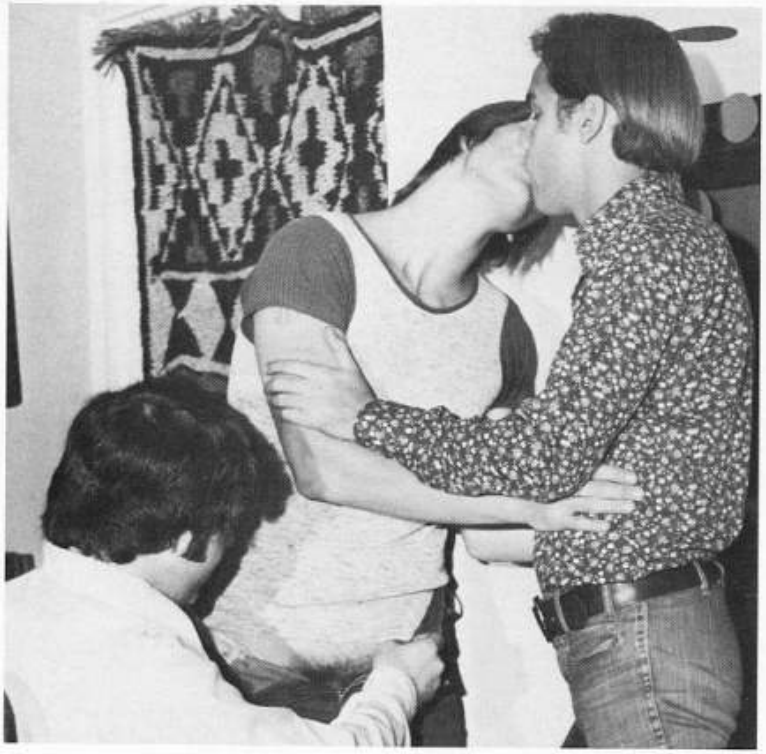

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All I could do was get a tight grip on the ladder. I felt his warm breath and then his wet tongue. He licked it like a lollipop. His tongue made long strokes from the base up to the head. Then he tickled the head with a lot of lithe, fast licks, then another long lick all the way down.

I didn't know what to make of this, my mind was damned confused. I'd never heard of anybody doing this, especially one man to another. I came from a small town and all I'd ever heard about sex was that a man stuck his cock in a woman's cunt. Men like it and women don't. It's supposed to be dirty, unless they're married and trying to have babies.

But maybe that isn't all true. I've been beating my meat for years and that was supposed to make me sick or something, but I'm healthy as an ox and it sure feels good.

What Tom was doing felt good too. Then he put the head into his mouth. He sorta chewed lightly for a while, then went all the way down to my belly. My whole cock was in his mouth. He started raising and lowering his head. I'd never felt anything so good. It sure felt better than my fist ever had.

After a while, I realized that Tom wasn't the only one working. My hips were going back and forth like a fencepost digger. They were slamming into Tom's face so hard, I was afraid of hurting him, but I couldn't get them to slow down. They had a life of their own and weren't about to be told what to do.

I could feel myself cumming. I shut my eyes and got a tighter grip on the ladder. I felt like I was gonna scream but I managed to hold it back. Tom's arms were around my waist and he pushed

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me as far into him as it was possible to go. I could feel squirt after squirt shooting down his throat.

He stayed locked to me until the last drop was drained and my cock was completely soft. Then he licked it clean and stuffed it back into my pants.

I held onto the ladder for a few minutes, trying to catch my breath. Then I said, "I can't see any ME up here."

He laughed and said that ME meant "me" and that I had already had him.

I thanked him for what he had done to me and told him I'd like to do the same for him. He sounded surprised that I would exchange the favor, but said we'd have to wait till later, we couldn't take too much time all at once.

It was about two hours later

when Tom came back with an order for another ME.

I was grinning like an idiot as he followed me to the back corner. When we got there, he threw his arms around me and kissed me. He was rubbing his crotch into mine, and it wasn't long before I was hard again. He dropped one hand and felt my cock through my pants, so I did the same to him. I couldn't wait to feel it in the flesh, so I pulled his zipper down. He unbuckled his belt and pushed his pants and Jockey shorts all the way down to his ankles.

Then he sat on a cardboard carton. I knelt down in front of him and examined his cock at close range. I'd never seen a cock that close, especially a hard one. I pushed it around to see it from all sides. He was kinda moaning.

I stuck out my tongue and licked the tip. His cock kept jerking around every time I touched it. I ran my tongue all over the head and then around the ridge behind it. Every time I touched the bottom of the head, his cock jerked so hard it hit me in the nose. Then I ran my tongue up and down, from the tip to the base, and back again.

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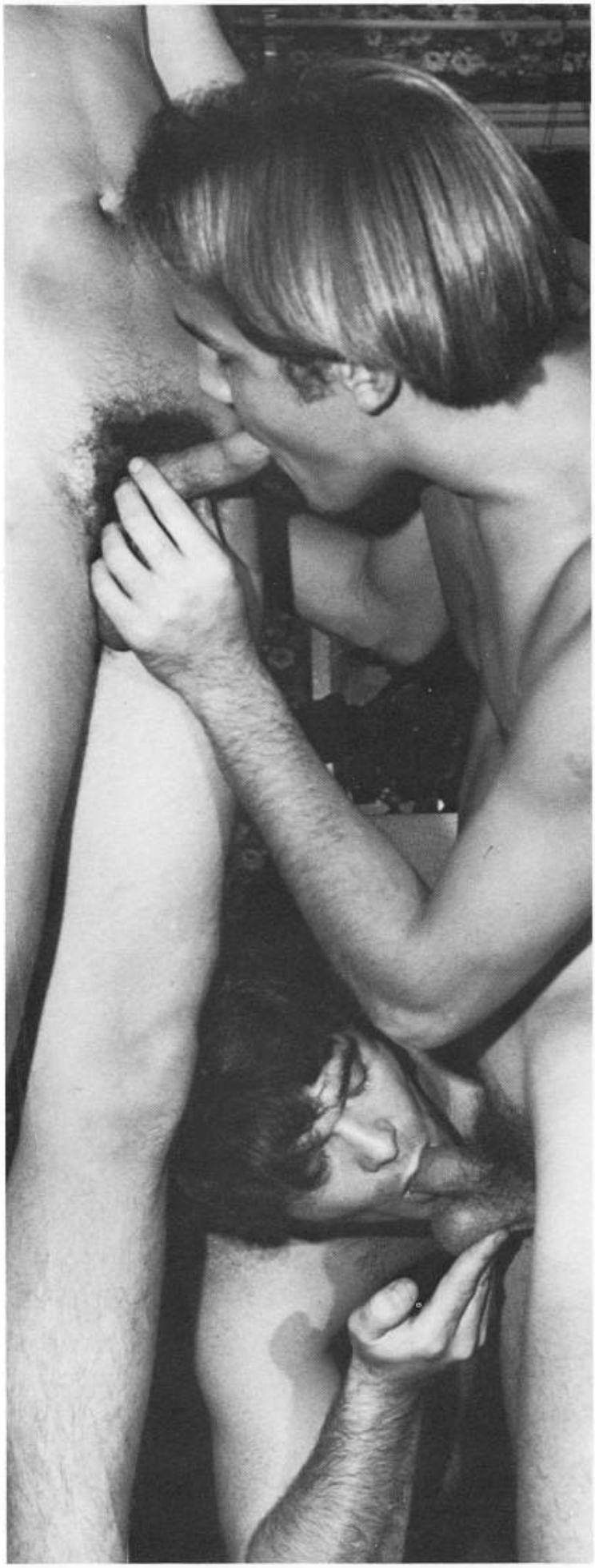

I was fascinated by the closeup sight of his balls. I started to lick them. He was moaning louder now.

I played with his balls for a while. I lifted one, then the other, then both. I ran my tongue all over them and took them in my mouth, first one at a time, then both together.

Tom was squirming around and spreading his legs wider. I pushed my tongue under his balls and as far back as it could reach, until I thought I was touching his asshole. I was afraid he wouldn't like that so I came back up to his prick. Some drops of liquid were oozing out of the tip so I licked it off and tasted it. It wasn't bad at all.

Then I went to work and tried to do everything exactly as he had done it to me. I chewed the head a little, then tried to slide my mouth all the way down. I couldn't get all the way at first, so

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I pulled back and slammed down harder and harder each time. I managed a little more distance each time and realized that I would have to relax my throat in order to go farther. I did, and it worked. In fact I hurt my nose as it jammed down against his belly.

I took it a little easier, but his pubic hair tickled my nose on every downstroke.

Then Tom's hips started that same ramming motion that mine had earlier. It became even easier when he did that. My head only had to travel half as far, and my throat stayed more relaxed.

But my tongue never relaxed. It was curious to feel every part of that sliding cock, and it kept wrapping itself around it, first one way, then the other.

Suddenly, Tom gave a grunt and grabbed my head. With his two hands he pushed my face tightly against his belly. His hips

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picked up speed and I felt the gusher.

It shot down my throat like a high-pressure fire hose.

He was slamming his body so hard he was jumping off the carton and throwing us both from

one side to the other. I threw my arms around his hips and grabbed two handfuls of his asscheeks, so we wouldn't get separated.

He gradually slowed down and finally stopped altogether. I could feel his prick start to soften and go down. I drew my mouth off it slowly, and let the end pop out. I kept licking it until I had all the cum off it, and went back to the tip every time I saw another drop ooze out.

Tom pulled my head up to his and kissed me. He ran his tongue around in my mouth as if he was trying to get a taste of his own jism. It made me think, why didn't I do that when Tom sucked me, so I would be able to compare his taste with mine?

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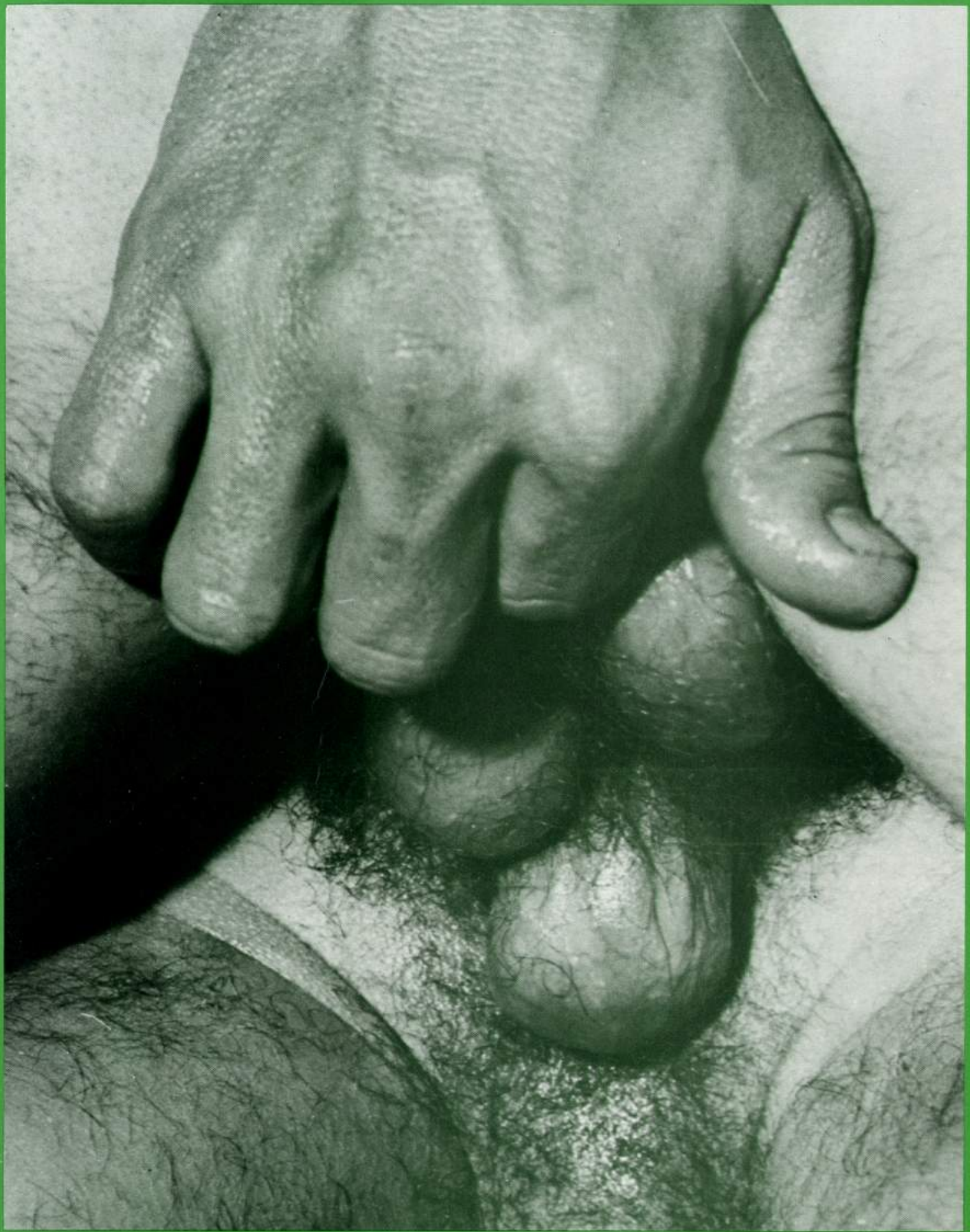
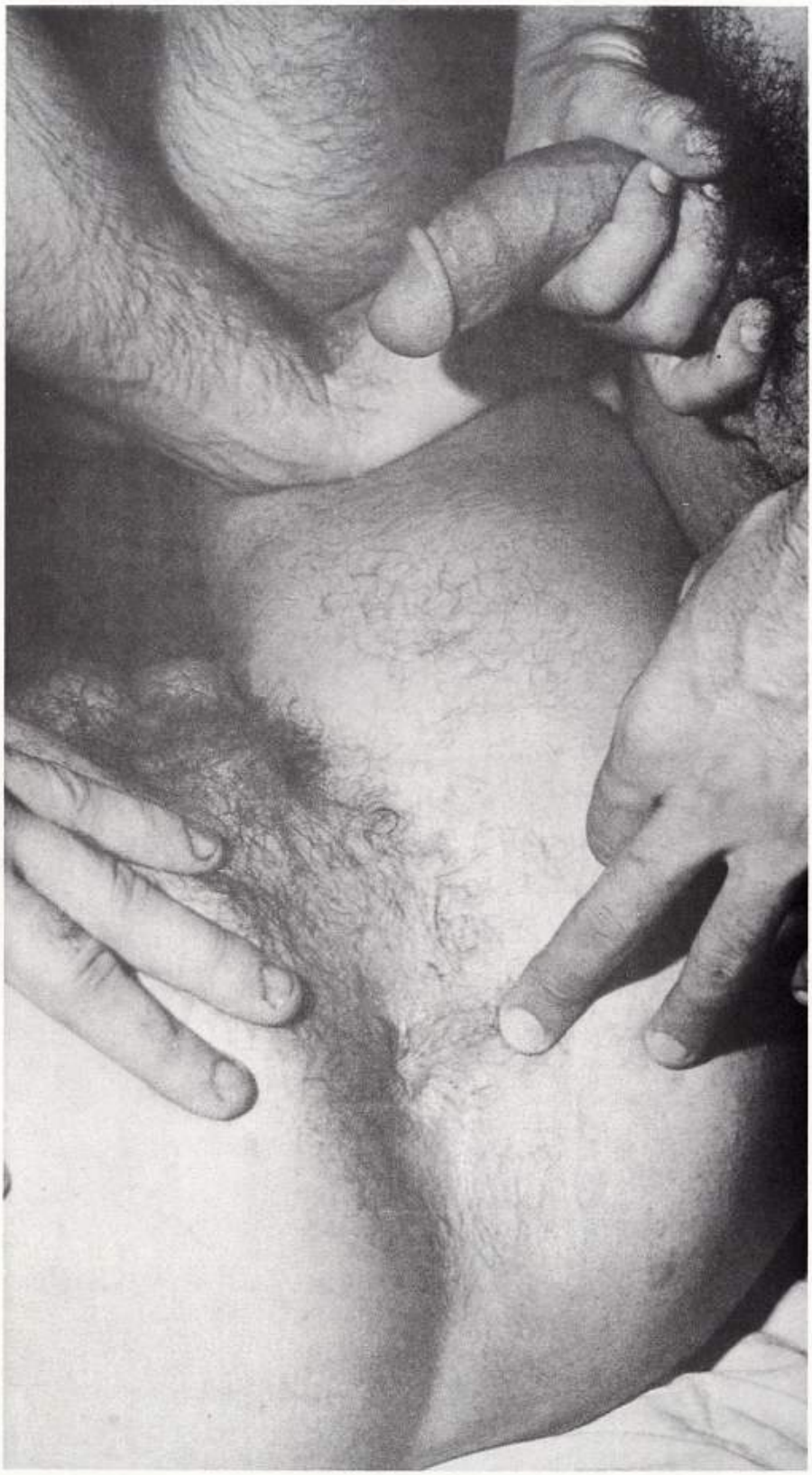




The next morning when I got the ME order, I almost ran all the way back to the corner. While kissing and groping, Tom undid my pants and let them drop. He lifted my shirt up and felt my chest muscles. He squeezed them and licked my nipples. He ran his tongue around them and flicked the tips. I never realized it before, but my nipples actually got hard-ons. He chewed them lightly, the way he did it to the head of my cock.

Then he ran his tongue all over my torso. I jerked when he touched certain parts around my waist and hips. They tickled so much it was like torture.

He licked all around my crotch and into the creases between my legs. I spread my legs to make it easier for him to reach and he pushed his tongue as far back behind my balls as he could get.

Then he turned me around. He licked my whole back, starting at the shoulders. When he went down past my waist I started having sensations I never felt before. I got a tingling in my ass that I couldn't explain, like it wanted something badly, but didn't even know what it was.

By the time Tom's tongue was in the V above my butt, I was writhing all over the place. He slid his lips all over my cheeks, licking here and there, and then he returned to the V. He gradually worked his tongue down between the cheeks. He was getting nearer and nearer to my asshole. That sensation was getting unbearable. I jutted my ass out farther and spread my legs apart, to make it easier for him to keep going in the direction he was headed.

When he licked across my hole, I felt an electric shock. I felt like a pinball machine whose jackpot was hit. I remember worrying about blowing a fuse.

But it subsided a little as Tom's tongue passed over it and went

down between my legs, to my balls. He licked the back of the balls for a while and then worked his way up to my asshole again. I started to light up again. He licked circles around the hole and then zeroed in to the opening. I never thought that part of the body could have sexual feelings, but I sure was dead wrong.

It was almost too much pleasure to bear, as Tom's tongue wedged its way into my hole. The tip felt so good, I tightened my muscles around it, to feel it as much as possible. As he pushed deeper, I could feel the hole open wider. He started pushing his tongue in and out, in a fucking motion. When it was most of the way out, my asshole clamped down tightly to keep it from escaping altogether. It was such a feeling of relief when it was pushed back in. I relaxed the muscles as much as possible to allow him to get farther in.

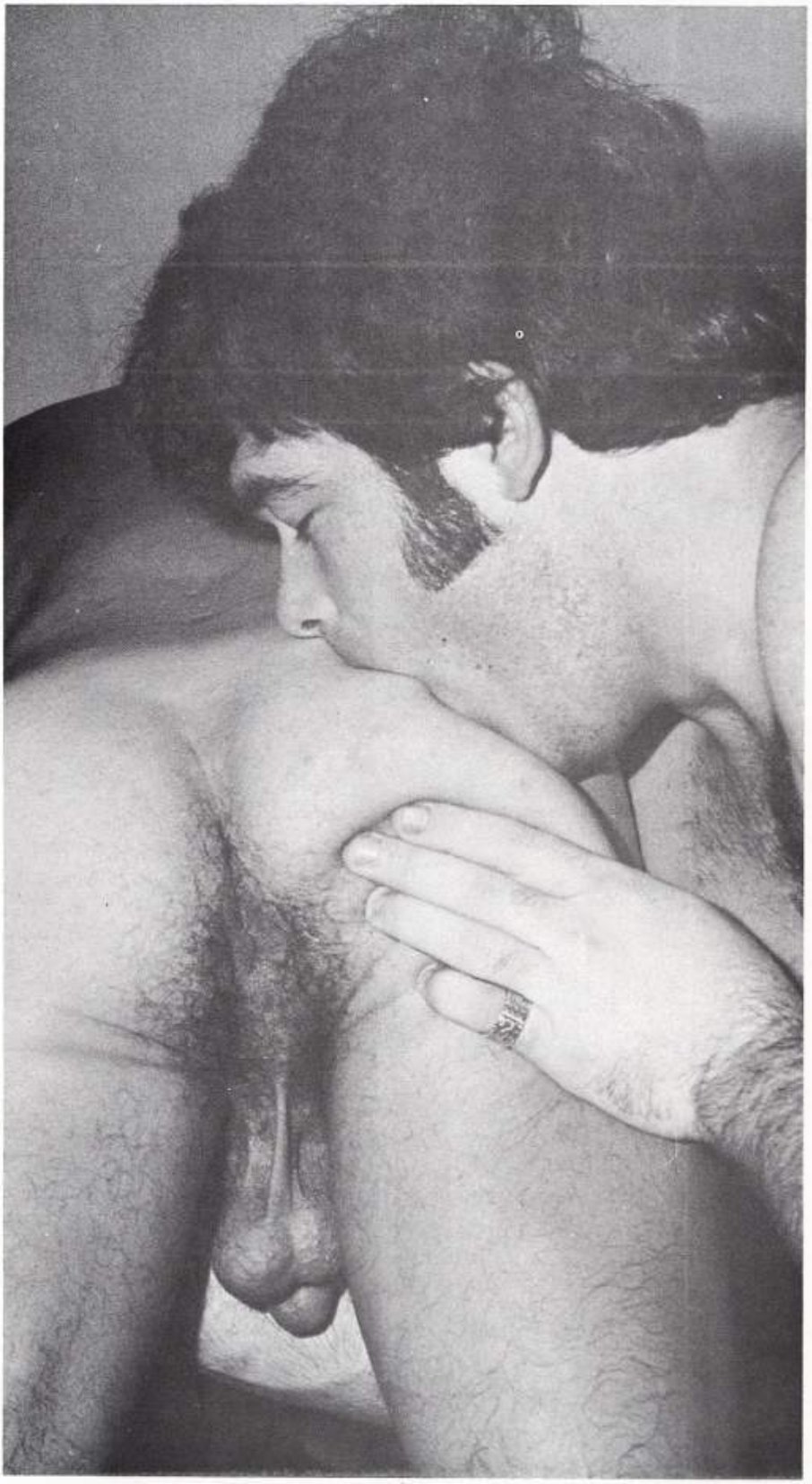
Then Tom stood up behind me and asked, "May I?"

I didn't know what he was asking about, but I said, "Anything!"

I soon found out what he wanted permission to do. I heard him spit, and then felt the head of his dick at my asshole. All I could think of was, if his small tongue felt so good, his big cock would feel so many times better.

He was probing gently at the entrance. I was so overwhelmed with anticipation that I couldn't wait. I rammed my hips back and his cock shot all the way up my ass. I had a sudden pain and realized that that was why Tom was going so slowly, but that was a small price to pay for the tremendous feeling of pleasure I got from having my ass packed to the gills.

The pain disappeared as quickly as it came, and all that was left was pure joy. Tom left his cock where it was for a while, until I started squeezing it with my asshole. Then he started long, slow



strokes that set me on fire. As my hips began moving, he picked up speed and was soon pile-driving at a mile-a-minute. He pounded as if he was trying to drill a hole through my belly, and I pounded back just as hard. The sound and the feel of his hips slapping against my ass was driving me insane. It was blowing my mind, and when his hand came around my body and grabbed my hard cock, that was all it took. I blasted off!

I could feel my asshole twitching every time I shot and I guess that did it for Tom. He started pounding so hard I thought he'd knock us both over, and his voice was making some straining sounds.

He grabbed me around the waist and almost lifted me off the ground as he pounded the last few times. Then he held on to me for dear life as he slumped against my back. I grabbed his arms, as I'm sure he would have collapsed on the floor.

We stood this way for several minutes, until Tom felt strong enough to stand by himself. The head of his cock made a popping noise as it slid out of my asshole. Then Tom got down on his knees and licked the whole area clean.

When he stood up, I got on my knees and did the same favor for him; I licked his cock clean.

Just then, the intercom called for Tom. We pulled our clothes together as quickly as possible and Tom kissed me and ran.

My head was swimming for most of the rest of that day, and I could hardly concentrate on my work. Tom must have guessed my condition because he came out to the packing desk every once in a while to check on my orders. He found a few mistakes and corrected them himself.

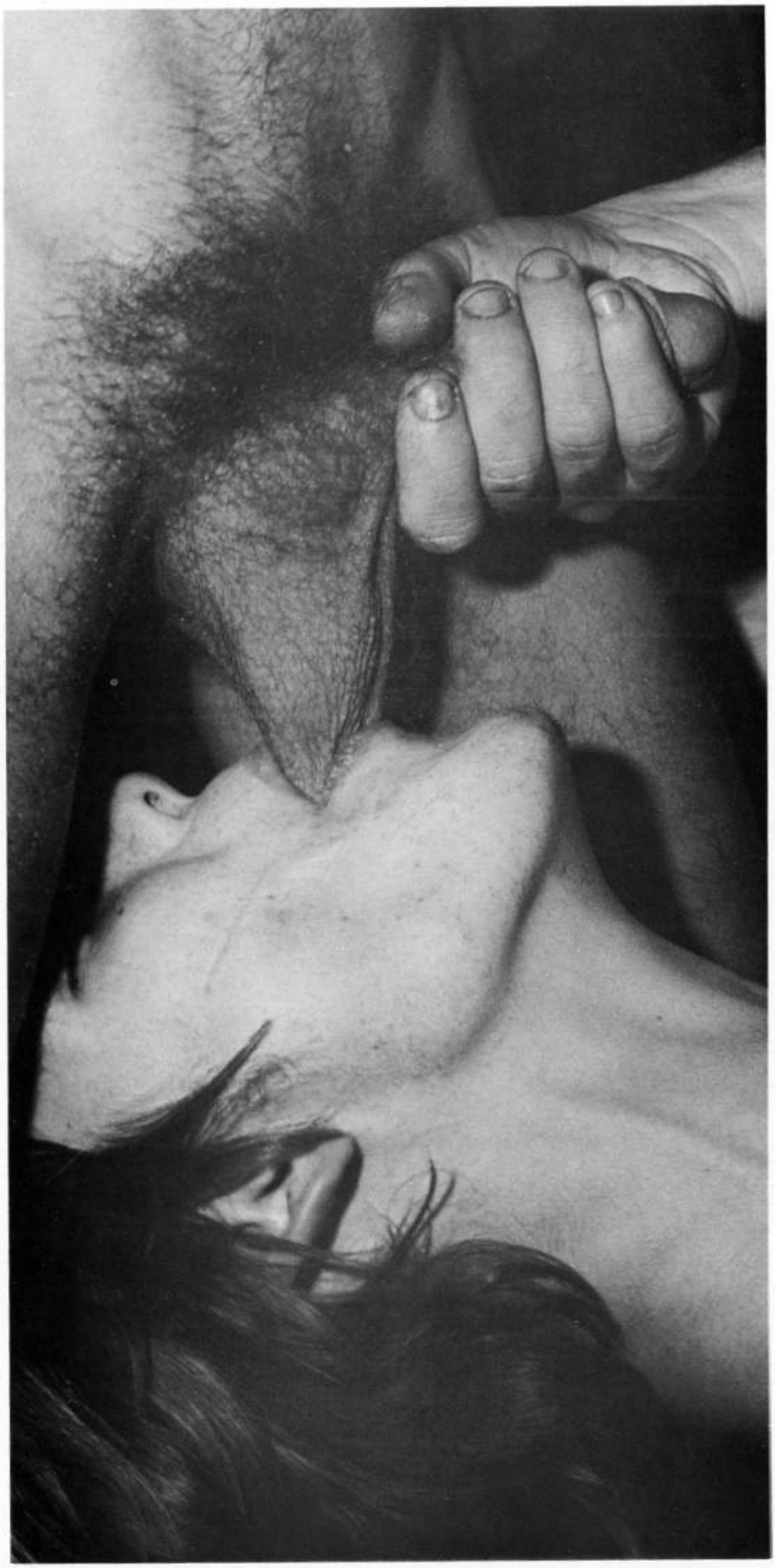
Late in the afternoon, he came back with an order that said, "ME TOO?" I practically ran back to the corner. I had my pants completely off and was kneeling when he got there. He walked straight up to me. I dropped his pants and shorts and started licking.

I tongued his entire crotch area and then down his leg. I slipped his shoes and socks and pants off as I licked down to his feet. I sucked his toes into my mouth, one at a time, and then ran my tongue between them. He grabbed onto a shelf to keep from falling. I didn't stop what I was doing, but I kept looking up at his magnificent hard-on bobbing around in the air.

I turned him around and worked my way up to the back of his leg. I admired the bulge of his calf, and then gave lots of attention to the hollow behind his knee.

As I licked a trail up his thigh he started to shiver. His trembling increased until I reached his butt, then it stopped and I heard him heave a loud sigh.

I was afraid he had cum, so I felt around for his cock. It was dry except for a drop dangling from the tip. I let it go, and I heard it slap up against his belly.



Then I returned to the main business at hand. I licked his butt until the cheeks were as shiny as satin. I pressed my face between them and felt them quiver against me. I stuck out my tongue and found that I was right on target. I felt the puckered ring. I licked the surface and then pointed my tongue and forced it in. I felt the ring give way and more and more of my tongue could enter.

I was disappointed at the short distance my tongue could reach. I wanted to explore the inside, to know what it was like.

I withdrew my tongue and wet my middle finger. I stuck that through the hole and found that it could go all the way in with no resistance. I wiggled it around and poked in every direction. I was surprised by the soft velvety feeling and the resiliency.

Tom was gasping and I remembered how close to cumming I was when he worked on my ass, so I got up and stuck the head of my cock into the hole.

I paused to keep him from having the pain I'd felt, but there evidently was none. His muscles were actually pulling at my cock and sucking it deeper inside him. They didn't let up until I was plastered against his back. Then they started massaging my prick and I could have cum without moving a muscle, but I wanted the full impact of fucking so I started a back-and-forth movement. Soon, the two of us were slamming full force into each other.

It only took a couple of minutes for me to cum and I suddenly remembered Tom's prick. I reached around to grab it and found that it was already shooting its load.

Tom fucked my fist as he was fucking my cock, harder and harder, and faster and faster.

I was thrashing my hips so fast that my cock finally popped out of his ass, but by that time it was too soft to shove back in.

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I ducked down on my knees and licked the cum that was dripping down Tom's legs. Then he handed me some paper towels he had remembered to bring, and we wiped all traces of our lovemaking away.

Then a quick kiss and back to work.

This same routine went on twice a day, every day, for the two weeks I had been working there. I asked Tom to meet me after work so we could spend more time together, but he always refused.

Then yesterday afternoon, just as I was cumming in Tom's ass, I looked up and saw Jim, the foreman.

My heart sank. I was sure I was going to be fired on the spot, maybe even arrested.

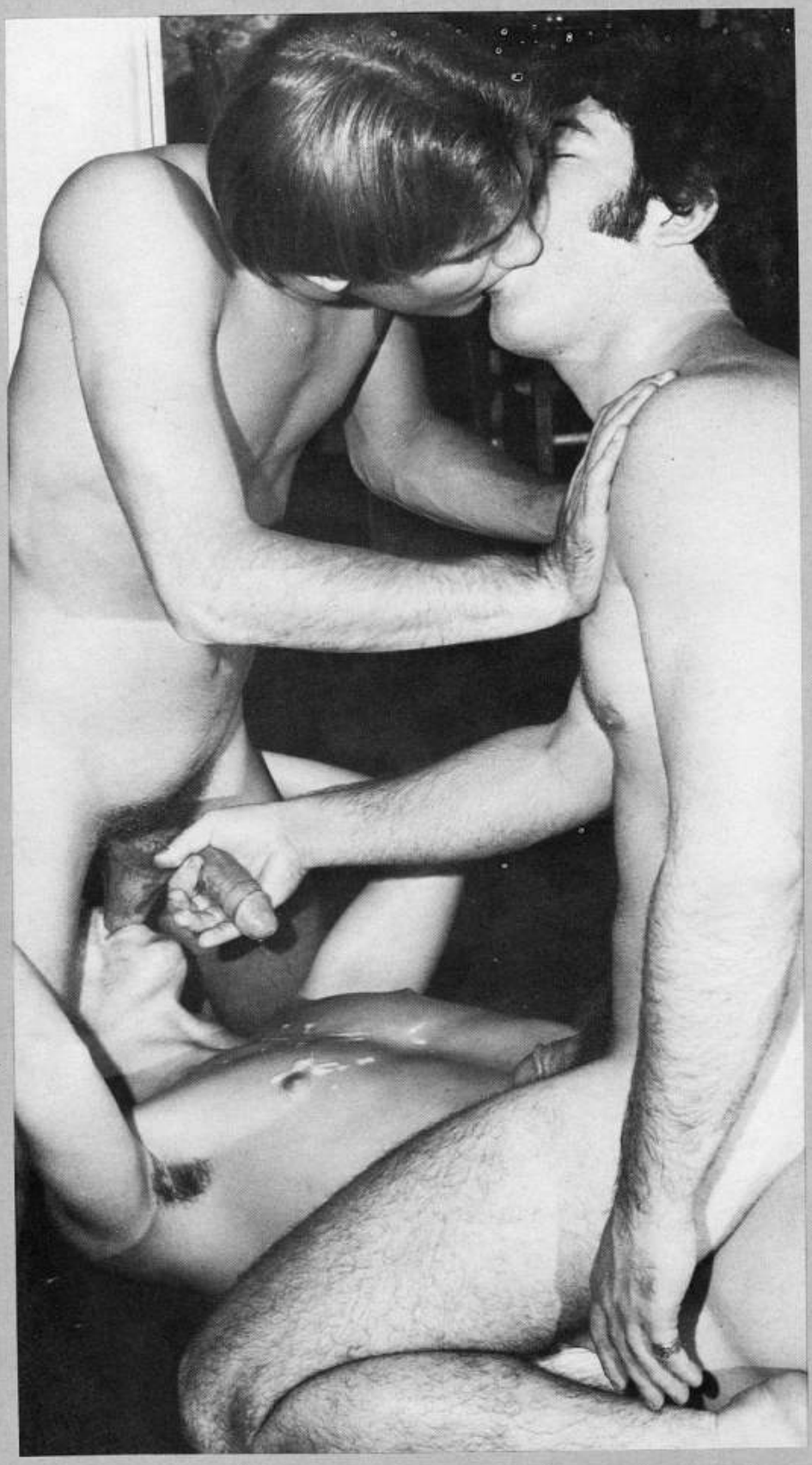
Jim was furious, but he waited until he calmed down before he spoke. He told me to be at his house at seven o'clock that evening. He wrote his address on a card and left it on a shelf before walking off.

Tom and I dressed without saying a word, and got right back to work. I worked as fast as I could for the rest of the day.

My knees were shaking as, at seven o'clock sharp, I was ringing Jim's doorbell. The door opened and Jim was smiling. He shook my hand as he pulled me inside. And there I saw Tom, also smiling.

My mouth dropped open. Jim apologized for acting so mad when he found us together. Tom and he had been lovers for two years and he was upset about Tom being unfaithful. Then he realized that he would have wanted sex with me and would have had it, if the opportunity presented itself, so he would have been a hypocrite if he fired me for that reason.

"But," he said, "if I find either of you having sex on company time again, I'll fire your asses so fast you won't know what hit you!



"You can come here anytime after work, with Tom, and have all the sex you want. And I wouldn't mind it if you cared to include me. But that's entirely up to you. It's Tom's house as much as mine."

I threw my arms around both of them and we were in a three-way huddle. Arms were reaching every which way, to grope whatever they could find.

I was kissing Tom, when Jim pulled down both our pants. He kissed Tom as he undressed him, and I lay on the floor watching.

Tom knelt in front of me and I took his cock in my mouth as Jim chewed on his ass. Then Jim went down on me.

The chair looked more comfortable so I got up and sat in it while Tom and I stripped Jim. Jim dove back down on my cock as Tom was pulling off his pants. Then Tom moved over so I could go down on him.

Jim slid under me and played with my ass as Tom sucked his cock. Then Tom and I stood in front of Jim while he alternated between our pricks. While he was working on Tom, I ducked down and returned the favor.

Jim straddled the arms of the chair which left his ass wide open. I shoved my head under him and rimmed the hell out of him, while Tom went down on his cock.

My radar told me Tom's beautiful cock was waving near me, so I pulled my head out from under Jim and sucked Tom.

Then the three of us formed a sucking daisy-chain on the floor. We didn't stick to any one thing for very long. It was like a cafeteria, where everything looks so good that we wanted to sample it all.

I stood up and Tom sucked me while Jim went down on him. Then they both fell into a sixty-nine. I horned in on Tom's cock and got Jim's finger up my ass. I was eager for his cock to follow it.

I didn't have long to wait. He straddled my hips and Tom sucked him up hard. When he lunged, I almost bit Tom's cock off. While he was screwing me, Tom's ass was twitching and he was breathing hard.

I said, "You'd better fuck Tom now or it'll be too late."

Tom threw himself on the floor and Jim mounted him. I let Jim suck me for a second and then knelt behind him. While he screwed Tom, I screwed him. He came as soon as my cock shoved in.

I came in Jim but my hard-on didn't even go down, so when Jim rolled off Tom, I rammed into Tom's ass and came again.

We sucked, fucked, and rimmed in the living room, the bathtub, and the bedroom, through almost the entire night, and we started again after we woke up and were dressing for work this morning.

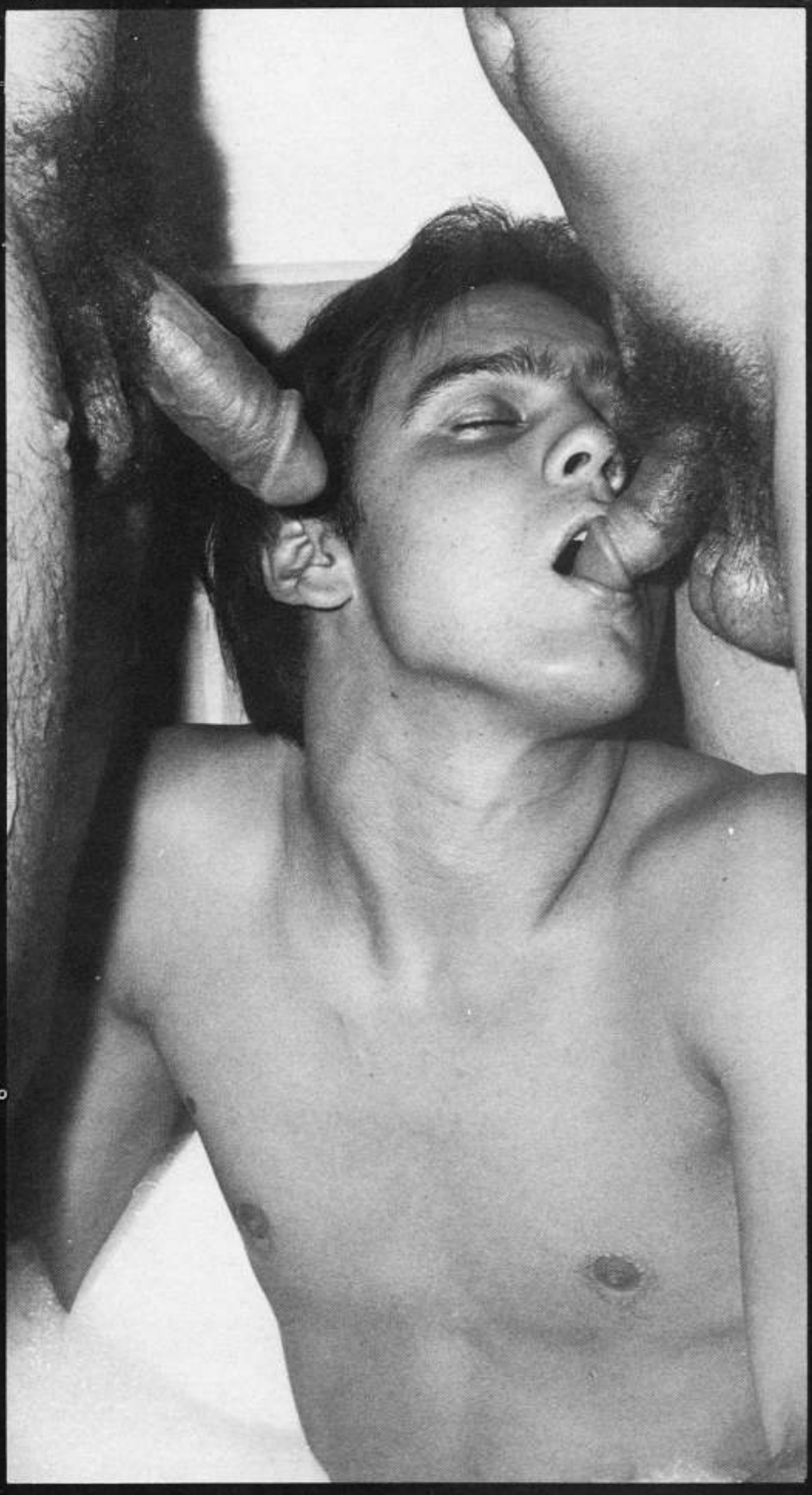
They asked me to move in with them, and I didn't have to think twice before accepting.

The only thing that could keep me from balling Tom at work was the thought that I could have both of them all night.

* * * *

Our threesome went real great for weeks, till I began to sense that, much as Jim and Tom liked me and enjoyed sex with me, there was something special between them that I couldn't be part of and was partly in the way of. So I started to be on the lookout for "my own thing," only to stumble onto it on our back loading dock, where it, or he, had been ever since I'd been on the job.

One of several truck drivers who made daily deliveries to our stockroom was a big, freckled roughneck named Chad. You wouldn't believe the size of his arms and shoulders, though his waist and flanks were real trim. His forearms and his open shirtfront were thick with a tangle of



cornsilk hair, and most days there was a heavy stubble on his face from not shaving.

From my first day on the job, he'd been gruffly friendly, jabbing his finger at the crack of my ass or into my ribs to find out if I was "goosy," and sometimes even grabbing my crotch to see if there was any evidence that I had my mind on "pussy."

On my second day on the job, the day before Tom had led me up that ladder, Chad had grabbed me in a bear hug that squeezed the wind out of me and rubbed his sandpaper cheeks against my face, which was pretty tender by comparison. He joked out loud that this was how he liked to rub up a pussy to get it worked up, and some of the other truckers who was standing around watching laughed back, one of them singing out, "Sheet, Chad, you ain't been near pussy since last New Year's, and you only fell into that cause you was too drunk to see what it was."

I didn't know what they were talking about. I guessed it was all just normal horseplay, with Chad as much the butt of it as I was. I was afraid he'd scraped the skin off my face, but the hugging felt good.

After I started playing around with Tom, I had the feeling that two or three times Chad tried to get me off in a corner where he could say something private to me, but afterwards, he let me alone, except for just being friendly.

I didn't even notice, I was so wrapped up with Tom and later with Jim too. Chad just seemed to blend into the background, like the trucks and packing boxes and the other front-office clerks—none of them bad to look at, but none of them of special interest to me.

That was up till the day I went by myself down the street to the hamburger stand for lunch. Tom and me had been lunching together, then yesterday, he'd gone back to having lunch with Jim, and even though they invited me along, I knew it was time to let them be by themselves.

They'd made a pretty good match before I came along, and there were times when they needed to be just with each other. Still it didn't make me feel too cheerful. I really liked them both, and liked the three-way sex more'n I could ever say.

So I didn't see Chad come over to my booth to sit down. But Chad is too big a guy to sit down in a small booth next to you and you not notice. He laid his arm down and clamped his big hand over mine.

"Why so glum, chum?"

I started to change the subject. He bore in, "Where's Tom today? You two been so close. . . ."

I stammered. "He's having lunch with the foreman. . . ."

"Yeah. I wondered how long that three-way would last."

He gave a frown that turned into a friendly smile, and ain't nobody ever turned as red as I did.

"Mind if I join you for lunch?" He shoved me farther into the booth.

"Do I have a choice?" I meant it for a joke, but I guess I forgot to smile when I said it. He flushed and started to get up.

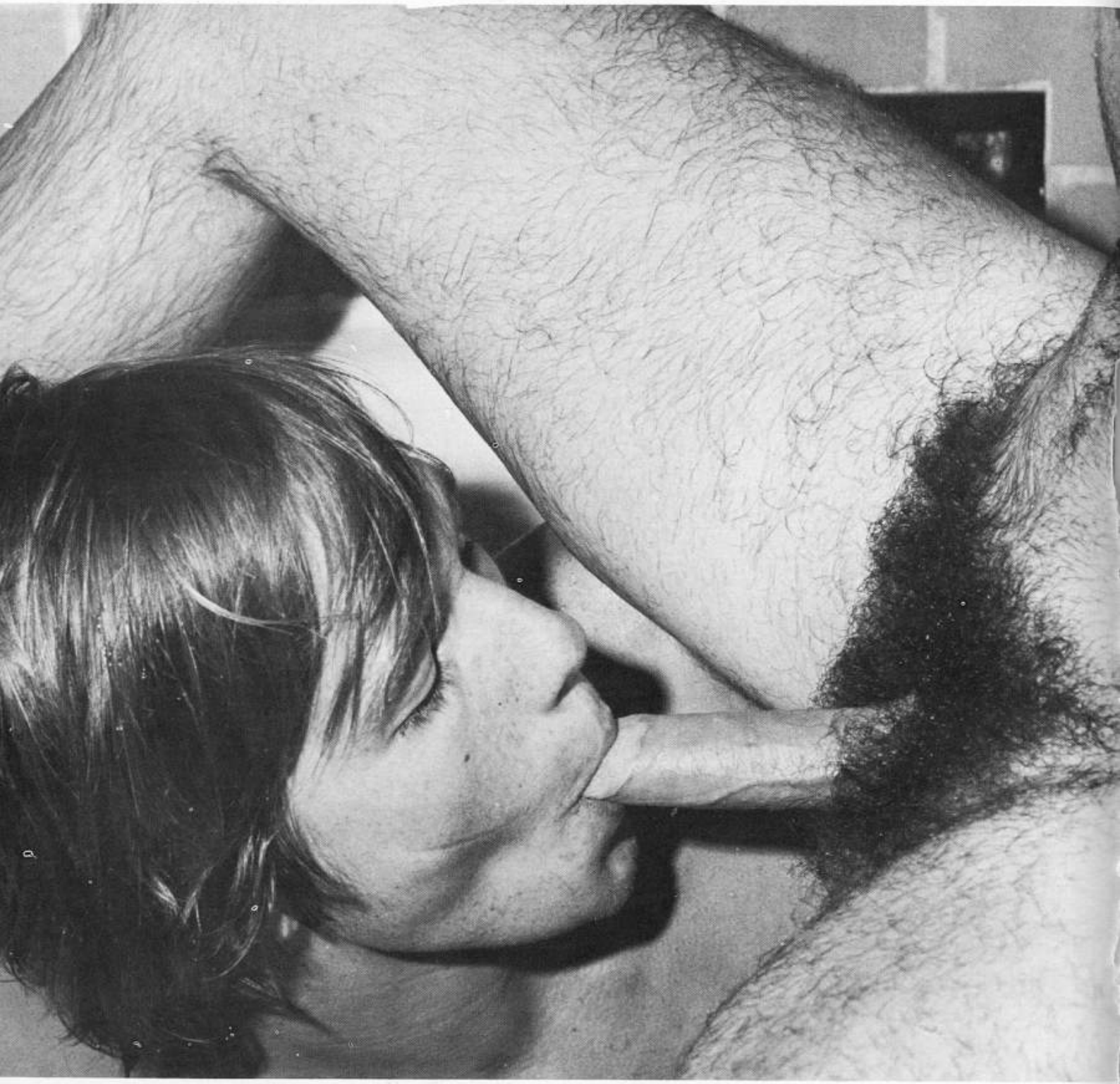
My mind was still a turmoil, trying to convince myself that he probably hadn't meant anything special by saying "three-way" (how could he possibly know?) but I did apologize before he got up, saying, "Sure, I'd enjoy your company."

I didn't know if I'd enjoy his company or not. I just hadn't meant to hurt his feelings. I had no suspicion at all of what he had in mind, though I did like the feel of his hard flanks and his muscular, hairy arm pressing hard against mine. We ordered our cheeseburgers and ate them and talked about the election and the World Series and went back to work, me feeling pretty good about him, even if our ideas on politics and baseball weren't a close fit. Hell, neither politics nor baseball meant that much to me!

It was a half hour later when I came out on the loading dock, not even thinking about him right then, that Chad grabbed me and pulled me right inside his truck. I don't know why I didn't scream. There didn't seem to be any reason for his snatching me off the dock like that except maybe that he was so mad about something I'd said about the president he was fixing to beat the shit outa me. In spite of what I'd been doing with Tom and Jim, the thought never crossed my mind that Chad could be interested in sex—not with all his bragging about pussy.

He drew me right into a bear hug—knocked the breath out of me. Remembering the day's stubble heavy on his face, I guessed that what I was about to get was the sandpaper treatment again. I wasn't too keen on that.

I got the sandpaper treatment, but not the way he did it before. This time he planted his lips firmly over mine and forced his tongue deep into my mouth. I could already feel the action in his crotch, which was pressed hard against my gut—he had to bend down to kiss me. He corrected that by lifting me off my feet, still in the bear hug, and my own crotch started acting up too.



My lungs were bursting before the kiss ended, and I was hysterical sort of. I still half thought he was attacking me, not making love. But my body was already liking it, even if my mind was confused. Then he set me down and held me at arm's-length. There was no mistaking the way he looked at me.

"I wanted to do this first time I saw you," he said, "but first there was too many other guys around, and then you started trespassing on Jim's private preserve, so after trying to couple times to warn you, I decided I better keep my distance."

His hands clamped almost painfully on my shoulders could feel my surrender, and I could read his response in his eyes.

A minute later he was unbuttoning my pants, and half in a trance, I undid his, and pulled out a slab of meat that would have looked oversized on a horse. I started to go down, but he yanked me up, gave me another quick kiss, turned me around and started

to work my pants down.

The hysteria came back. I could take Jim or Tom easy, and both of them were respectably hung, but the prick that was stiffening against my backside was something else. I didn't want to be split open. I meant to protest, to try to pull away, but instead I reached my hands back and spread my buttocks, snuggling against him, trying to get my butt astraddle of his upthrust prick, but not able, he being so much taller, and long-legged.

Effortlessly, he lifted me up over a packing case and leaned right into my spread butt. His cockhead was wider than my cleft, and at first it seemed he was going to shove it in dry.

I was telling myself I wouldn't live through it, and all the while my hands was pulling his hips against me. Then he got a tube of Vaseline out of his shirt pocket and jabbed two rough fingers into my hole to work the Vaseline in.

He jabbed his cock into me like a red-hot pile driver. Actually, he

was trying to go slow, but like he was telling me, he'd wanted my ass since he first saw me, and he wasn't one for moving slow and easy.

I was breathing harder than ever before, and he was breathing even harder, and grunting. It took three shoves of his powerful hips to bury that searing monster up inside me, and we both were sweating hard when his stomach slapped down hard on my backside. He got one hand up under my stomach and started working my cock in his hand as if he was trying to mash it. The pain inside my ass was unbearable, but I could feel his invasion all the way up to my lungs, and the feeling was the most beautiful thing in the world, even before we both exploded.

* * * *

Next day Jim asked me if I'd be interested in taking the garage apartment behind their house. "But it's kinda big for one person. If you could find someone to share it—we could all be like one big happy family."

"ON THE JOB" is a photo illustrated short story offered as adult entertainment, aimed at the ongoing changes in current patterns of gay societal behavior, with the view that picturing and displaying explicit sex photos is deserving of increasing acceptance in our current society. Anyone seeking to fulfill prurient interests, should look elsewhere.